Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloucester* and *Buckingham*.
Car, For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady-
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerous,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostorous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound Enter young prince, Duke of Gloucester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome sweete Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses one the way.
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and heauy,
I want more Vncles heere to welcome me:
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts:

God